

The Evening World

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THE DROUGHT IN ST. THOMAS.

**A** MERICANS have probably forgotten by this time that we acquired the Danish Islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix some time ago, and that we presumably intended to give them the benefit of free institutions such as they (presumably) did not enjoy under the rule of a Danish king. Our careless memories will perhaps be stirred when we learn that the first benefit bestowed was Prohibition, and that the people who have been relieved of the thrall of monarchy do not like it. Note this caustic comment from The Bulletin of St. Thomas, of July 17, which has just come to hand:

"PROHIBITION IS AN INSULT TO THE PEOPLE OF ST. THOMAS.

"To-day, the 17th of July, dawns upon us, a down-trodden people in liberty. What are you going to do? Are you going to compel us to struggle, and, perhaps, even make, break and steal, what our forefathers have never yet done, and in the end imprison us? Relieve us if you can; this is a good 'omen'; the atmosphere is clear; the war is over. Away with nonsense, good, honorable men; even Gov. Oman will do what he can for these islands, as day by day he becomes more familiar with conditions. Denmark never did it—why should the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave introduce a new form of Slavery upon us? This is beyond your scope, you minority of hypocrites. It is unreasonable. Dictate for yourself. Even drown yourself, if you want to—that is your individual liberty—but leave the rest of humanity alone with their God-given liberty."

New Haven commuters are being treated to subway conditions, thanks to the shopmen's strike. Jammed trains and no seats from Stamford to New York give rise anew to the query: "Why don't more of them use automobiles?"

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

**T**HE Ironmaster ceased to be a factor in business affairs upon the formation of the great United States Steel Corporation. He devoted his sunset days to philanthropy and taking care of himself. His character was kindly, shrewd and public spirited. He was no mystery like the senior Rockefeller, nor were his calculations as cold.

The libraries which he housed over the country in grateful memory of his first debt to free volumes serve to inform a large number of Americans, probably not in proportion to their cost, but much must be given if much is to be gained. One Lincoln enlightened by such an opportunity is worth the ten per cent. for maintenance required of the many communities which in seeking a benefit usually acquired a burden.

The little Scotchman liked to be called "Andy." His dignity never suffered by the familiarity. He was not afraid to go around with men or to face the public. In short, the weaver boy of Dumfries lived to become the right kind of an American, unspoiled by wealth and capable of getting just enjoyments out of life, which he gladly shared with others.

The H. C. of L. had better hunt a hiding place. All hands are now on its trail. The scouts who sought spies so vainly during the war period, who are asked to seek out profiteers, ought to have better luck. We know of no profiteer who is very carefully concealed.

THE ACTORS' STRIKE.

**T**O CRITICISE the actors for uniting to gain advantages in treatment and pay because it puts them down to the level of workmen is wrong and unfair. The progress of "organization" must logically lead to the combination of all sorts of wage earners if they are to save themselves from the exactions of those who have already combined. There is no other way out. To assume that labor organizations can go on unchecked by law, or some sort of self-protective opposition, is out of the question. The undefended cannot stand it, and they naturally follow object lessons. School teachers are already well put together. Other public employees are rapidly uniting. Underpaid clergymen might quite properly form a Gideon's band and hold up the parsimonious congregation. There is no good reason why they should not.

Let everybody organize as soon as possible against everybody else, and so achieve industrial perfection!

Congress promises not to bear hard on beverages that merely look intoxicating. How sweet!

Letters From the People.

**What, Disgruntled?**  
To the Editor of the Evening World:  
With all the writer's troubles, she has to laugh! In a local paper the other morning was an immense headline reading, "Labor Demands That Profiteering Cease." The next day, "dip milk" went up, in midsummer when every circumstance of production would naturally tend to a reduction. The Milk Trust is a blot on civilization and though the writer hasn't a solitary child suffering because of their rapacity, there are many women in New York who would like to see every accomplice in the Milk Trust shot at sunrise—or any other hour, for that matter.

While the United States probably has the best lawmakers that money can buy, it seems strange to send a man to prison for committing only one murder or only one robbery, while the profiteer goes unpunished. The United States has been and is being double crossed forty ways from sin Jack by the profiteer, the prohibitionist, anti-tobacco fanatic, etc. How long will she stand for it? I am disgusted. In a few weeks I shall

say goodbye to the "land of the free and the home of the slave."

DISGUSTED.

Victory Block Parties.

To the Editor of the Evening World:  
Dear Sir: Having noticed many requests in your paper under the column "Letters From the People," I would like to make the following request:

About this time last year all over New York parties were being held to remind us of the boys that went in the service. These were known as "block parties" and furnished many evenings of wholesome and clean fun. I am a returned veteran who was in France while these were being held, but have heard much of them and was sorry to have missed them. Now I suggest that some one start the first one and call it a "Victory Block Party" in honor of the boys that fought for them. The city will issue permits without much trouble when they learn the real meaning of them. Let's see who will be the first to start a "Victory Block Party" and if any support is needed I am sure that it will be given generously. Yours sincerely, WM. DAVIS, A. E. F.  
247 West 192d Street, New York City.

Rooting!

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By J. H. Cassel



The Cheerful Houseworker

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Finest Thing in Life—Contentment

**I** HAD an interesting experience in my household.  
A woman to do general cleaning came one Monday morning to stay for a considerable period. All arrangements were satisfactory and we looked forward to a reign of peace in the house.  
But we were very much mistaken. The first day she was with us she cut her hand, and every effort was made to make her comfortable, and we insisted that she do no work until it was all well again.

We sent her to the family physician, who attended to it, but before the week was out we were compelled to let her go, because of the feeling she had made with every member of the household.

We thought at first she was "new," and because of her little trouble with her hand, she was not herself, but we found she had an ingrained disposition for bearing a grudge. She carried a chip on her shoulder all during the day, and was to any one who knocked it off.

It was "her kitchen" and no one must come near. She had a certain way of doing things, and when you asked her to change it, she went about with a frown that was constantly repelling. So everybody refrained from ruffling her spirits.

And everybody breathed a sigh of relief when she went her way.  
A few days later another woman came—a dear motherly Irish woman, who has been working for other members of our family.

And oh! what a change. The good cheer and sweet temper she promoted everywhere. She was a joy to have in the house. She did not seem as though she were a stranger at all. She went right at everything as though it were her own.

And every time you saw her smiling face you just imbibed her joyous spirit and smiled yourself. Everybody in the house was her friend at once and wanted to help her in making her work less difficult.

She took such an interest in things. A torn table cloth gave her great concern. And when a thing didn't seem right to her she begged to do it over again, since she said she was "new."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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No Growing Pains for Willie Jarr Except Those His Mother Takes About the Matter.

**M**RS. JARR called her husband to where she was busied, half in and half out the closet in the children's room, when he came home the other evening.

Mr. Jarr came over and Mrs. Jarr pointed to the inside of the closet door and said: "What? What do you think of that? That's Willie!"

"He's a strenuous lad, according to the records he's left on the door," said Mr. Jarr, "and a few more kicks would have broken the lock or splintered the lower panel."

"Willie has been real good for weeks and weeks; it's over a month since I looked him in the closet," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm not talking about that, nor am I talking about his kicking so when he was locked in. In fact, his kicking showed he was a child of spirit. I hate children who have no temper. They're always so sneaky!"

"Well, what have you brought me here to show me this battered door for?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"There you go!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "If it was little Emma, your pet, you'd be quick enough to see it! I'm trying to show you these marks!" Mrs. Jarr pointed to two pencil marks a little over halfway up the door on the inside, beside which dates were written in Mrs. Jarr's handwriting.

"I don't see what harm a couple of pencil marks do inside a door, especially when it's all kicked and scuffed, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Jarr. "Nor do I see what there is to be proud of about them, for you seem to be elated. Did Willie make those marks? If so, do you think them any indication of genius as a draughtsman? The look like plain pencilled lines, one above the other, each about two inches long. Think you it indicates he is a Whistler?"

"I'm not talking about his being a whistler," said Mrs. Jarr. "Of course Willie does whistle; all boys do, but I always tell him to stop it in the house. If you'd not interrupt but those marks to me, I'd tell you that those marks show how Willie has grown in the last couple of weeks."

"Oh!" interrupted Mr. Jarr. "So he's grown nearly two inches in a few weeks? But, look," and Mr. Jarr pointed to the upper marks. "Why, this one is dated five weeks before the

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

The Secret of Charm Is the Possession of the Sixth Sense—Blessed Is She Who Is Born With It, Even as With Curling Hair and Slender Feet.

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**M**Y Daughter, come not unto me saying: "Alas! Why are the things of this world so unevenly divided; that one damsel hath seven offers of marriage in one summer, while another damsel spendeth seven summers in the snaring of one offer?"

For lo, in the charming of men, as in the mixing of a salad or the making of a rabbit, neither rules nor recipes shall avail thee if thou lacketh the "Sixth Sense," which is the gift of the angels unto the chosen few.

Now, it so happened that I watched a man while he sought to mix the Perfect Rabbit. And he was exceedingly cautious.

Behold, he held the Book of Rules before him and, even as it bade him, he measured out the cheese and apportioned the salt and the paprika, and the mustard and the butter and the ale in exact quantities. And at the psychological moment he stirred it prayerfully.

And none within the gates dared speak to him, nor distract him, lest he fumble it. For his name was called "Piod," which is to say, conscientious-in-all-things.

Yet, in the end, the rabbit was tougher than the heart of a meat packer, and more stringy than war silk.

But another took hold on the dish and flung therein a pound of this and a pinch of that and a dab of the other, and lightly shook them together, while he lolled the damsel and flirted with the squabs and the widows, for his name was called "Daredevil."

And behold, the rabbit was smoother than a millionaire's alibi and more enchanting than the prospectus of a summer resort or the smile of a summer girl at sight of a New Man.

Likewise, a damsel may be a perfect thirty-six and possess all the beauty and wit and virtue of the Three Graces to delight the heart of man. Yes, she may have read all things that ever were written concerning the luring of masculine hearts and the pleasing of a husband.

Yet her days shall be spent at tatting bees and knitting clubs and hen parties and her evenings alone in the hammock.

And in the end she may be left hanging upon the family tree, as the last leaf of summer.

But another, whose nose resembleth a button and whose figure resembleth an ironing board, who knoweth not a bon-mot from a bonbon, an ethic from a toothache, nor a theory from a charlotte russe, shall have men following after her all the days of her life, as seagulls after a ship and moths after a lantern. And in the end she shall wed whatsoever she chooseth.

For her ways are mixed like unto the second rabbit, by INTUITION, a word here, a smile yonder and a glance there, so that each man believeth himself "It," and is filled with self-admiration.

For such is the power of the Sixth Sense, which some call "charm" and some call "tact" and some call "Blind Luck."

And how shall I, a mere woman, tell thee how to acquire it?

For thou must be BORN with it, even as with curling hair and slender feet and a retreousse nose and intelligence.

And could it be cultivated, then should I cease preaching and devote ALL my time to the attainment of the Sixth Sense.

And the Sphinx should have nothing on ME!

Selah!

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 72—PATRICK HENRY, Who Lighted the Torch of Liberty in the South.

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**A** VIRGINIA farmer in the last half of the eighteenth century decided to turn storekeeper. He had good financial backing. The site he had picked out for his store seemed excellent in every way. But the neighbors shook their heads. The opening was fine; but they doubted that young Patrick Henry would have the sense to profit by it.

Henry knew he could make good. But he did not yet know how he could do it. And every experiment left him the less certain. He had had a fine education. But he had not made up his mind how to profit by it. So he had turned farmer.

Other farms on either side of his were making big money for their owners. Tobacco was king in Virginia just then, and huge fortunes were earned by it. But Patrick Henry's tobacco crops were more or less of a dead loss.

Hence, the neighbors' doubts as to his success as a shopkeeper. And in an incredibly short time all those doubts were justified. The store went to pieces, not through any conspiracy or bad luck, but because Henry apparently did not have sense enough to make it go.

Cheerfully he sought a new channel whereby to make good. This time he decided to utilize his fine education and to become a lawyer. He studied hard and was admitted to the bar. Then he began practice as a country lawyer.

People used to smile at first, on court days, to see the homely, ill-clad ex-storekeeper—wrinkled of forehead, bushy of hair and with enormous horn spectacles pushed high up on his brow—stride up to the bench and begin to plead some petty case with as much portentious solemnity as though vast fortunes hung on its outcome.

But before long people stopped grinning. There was nothing to grin about. The solemn and bespectacled man was making good.

Henry had powers of eloquence that swept all before him. It was a day when oratory still had the power to sway Judges and juries, and before lawyers and actors had learned that the best effects are not always gained by ranting.

Patrick Henry was a born orator. He was a word-wizard. He had a magnetic power that all who hypnotized his hearers. He could arouse any emotions in an audience that he might choose to. Cases were showered on him. He was becoming one of the foremost men at the Colonial bar.

From law to politics has ever been the shortest and most natural step. This step Patrick Henry now took. And once more he made good. The country lawyer was developing into a great statesman at a time when our land needed statesmen.

The Revolution was near at hand. Patrick Henry foresaw what must follow. He threw all his mighty talents into the conflict. His was the plan for "the Committee of Correspondence," whereby the widely strewn Colonies were united into one purpose and one course of action.

His eloquence stirred the wavering and inflamed the men everywhere with the fire of patriotism. The South gave signs of lagging behind the New England Colonies in the matter of zeal and of preparedness. Patrick Henry risked arrest and even death by lighting the torch of Liberty in the South and of stirring up his fellow-southerners to swift and vehement action.

Then—early in 1775—came the immortal speech before the Virginia Convention—the "Liberty or Death" speech, which sounded the trumpet blast of war and which marked Henry for all time as a peerless orator and inspired patriot.

Patrick Henry had made good. After years of fruitless experiment he had found the thing he could do better than could any one else. And, finding this, he also found deathless fame.

Newest Notes of Science.

Paper was made from rags in Arabia more than ten centuries ago and the method was introduced into Europe in the thirteenth century.

Electrically driven ventilating fans have been installed in the Simpson tunnel through the Swiss-Italian Alps to keep the air moving.

An institution has been established in England in which women nurses are given three-year courses in the care of dogs and other animal pets.

According to a European scientist linoleum on the floor of a room kills bacteria that may be brought in on shoes with the linseed oil it contains.